

He Had Hip Disease

Was treated at the Children's Hospital in Boston, and when he came home he



John Boyle

SEVEN RUNNING SORES on his leg. Could not sleep. We have been giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla a year, and he can walk, run and play as lively as any boy. He has no sores and is the PICTURE OF HEALTH. JOHN C. BOYLE, Ware, Mass. Remember.

Hood's Cures

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or grip.

The Ferris wheel has been a boon to shopkeepers. It has been put into windows innumerable. It has been made of toy cars, with dolls inside, of photographs, of bottles of whisky, of napkins and handkerchiefs, of cut-glass, of firearms; has been turned by hand and by motors, and one recently shown in Brooklyn had an equipment of tiny electric lights.

Child Birth Made Easy

Sealed particulars free. Dr. J. B. Williams, 1120 Broadway, New York.

PENSION

JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C., Successfully Prosecutes Claims, Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau, 1730 Belmont St., Washington, D.C.

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Double BREECH LOADED, \$2.45. RIFLES, \$1.45. Revolvers, \$1.00. V. KINDLER, SAGINAW, E. S. MICH.

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Opens and cures the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Relieves the Sore Throat, Soothes the Itching Cough, Restores the Senses of Smell and Taste. This Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES. On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS in Europe and America.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT

BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN FIT. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY. The outer or top sole extends the whole length down to the heel, protecting the boot in the mud and in other hard work.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST. \$5. CORDOVAN. \$4.39 FINE CALF SKIN. \$3.99 POLICE. \$3.50 LADIES. \$2.99 EXTRA FINE. \$2.49 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. \$2.29 BOYS' BOOTS. \$1.99 BOYS' SHOES. \$1.79 BOYS' BOOTS. \$1.49 BOYS' SHOES. \$1.29 BOYS' BOOTS. \$1.09 BOYS' SHOES. \$0.89 BOYS' BOOTS. \$0.69 BOYS' SHOES. \$0.49 BOYS' BOOTS. \$0.29 BOYS' SHOES. \$0.09 BOYS' BOOTS.

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THE TALE THE TERRAPIN TOLD

About twelve years ago a young man climbed up to the top floor of a New York publishing house and timidly handed the editor a roll of manuscript.

"I believe," said the young man, "that I've written just what your magazine needs. It's a pretty story of love, well related, and quite out of the conventional; one of the best features is that I'll sell it cheap."

"What is it called?" "The Tale of the Terrapin Told," and it's in four chapters.

"Leave your address and I will send you a check."

"O, thank you, sir."

"You didn't let me finish. I'll send a check also return the manuscript."

In about a fortnight's time the author received a package by mail. Upon opening it he found "The Tale of the Terrapin Told" with "rejected with thanks" inscribed on the title page.

It was indeed a hard blow to the aspiring author. His friends had assured him that he had no talent, but positive genius. He had planned a literary career for himself and his first effort was heartlessly refused at any price.

But it turned out all for the best, for Henry Miller, leading man of Charles Frohman's stock company, would never have drifted to the stage had his first story been accepted. If Mr. Miller

had joined the literary army he would probably never have been able to write anything but stories. Now he can write checks. The other members of the stock company now playing "Liberty Hall" have just learned of Mr. Miller's early aspirations, and the leading man is subjected to considerable polite joking. An agreement was made last Sunday between Mr. Miller and his fellow players to the effect that they were never to refer to his romance in four chapters if he would read it aloud to the company, says the Chicago Tribune. A copy was made and here it is:

In a sequestered spot on the shores of Chesapeake bay Basil Beresford, a young artist, was sketching one day in the spring of 18—.

The bright colors were being very applied to the canvas when all at once the artist ceased his work. The hoof of some animal could be heard striking the trampled turf. It was a muffled, but also a quick sound which accompanied the peevish sound of breathing. Turning aside Basil witnessed a curious sight. A fat terrapin scurrying for the haven for dear life was being hotly pursued by a sturdy fisherman and his daughter.

The animal was soon captured and stored away in the well-filled game bag of its captors. Then Basil's attention was drawn as if by a magnet to Phyllis Marmaduke, daughter of Harold Marmaduke, the famous hunter who was the terror of the terrapin for miles around. Phyllis was a dream of love and beauty, with blue eyes, bright as the dew, and her golden hair hanging down her back, she stood breathing the air like a beautiful plant. Basil's work for that day was over. He could sketch no more. He could scarcely move. His blood began to frizzle, and suddenly the truth flashed over him.

Basil Beresford was in love. Ten-thirty.

Basil stood beneath a sturdy oak moving his pencils in a mechanical sort of way. Ever and anon he would leave his canvas, walk to the spot where Phyllis Marmaduke had stood the day before and gaze into the grass as if searching for a treasure. While in one of these moods he should stroll along but little Miss Marmaduke.

"Have you lost something?" she asked.

"Yes, my pretty one, I have."

"What is it?"

"My heart."

"If you dare," came in rough tones

from behind a tree and Harold Marmaduke appeared on the scene. The old fisherman was not a man to be trifled with, and he upbraided the young lovers for their flirtation. Then he marched his daughter back to the house. Poor Basil was well high strung. Seating himself on a log he placed his hands to his forehead as if in deep thought. While in this reverie a ter-

rible storm came up. The trees swayed in the force gusts of wind, the peaceful bay was turned into a thrashing sea, the thunder crashed and myriads of terrapin ran hither and thither to points of safety. But Basil heeded them not. Suddenly a wild streak of lightning pierced one of the largest trees, and down came its tremendous weight upon the form of the poor artist, plunging him to the ground. His calls for aid were like whispers in the tempest and Basil Beresford was left to die.

It was daybreak.

The storm had subsided and still Basil Beresford suffered in the terrible clutches of the heavy oak. He was about to faint away when he felt something crawl over his prostrate form. Stretching forth his hands, which were free, he caught a large terrapin. This

was soon devoured, for the young artist had not tasted food for a day. Hours slipped away, but no helping hand came. The loneliness was only broken by a constant procession of terrapin across the form of Basil, who fortunately enough had fallen directly across the path used by the terrapin to go to the bay. Basil would select the best ones, slay them with his pen-knife and place them beside him for the next meal. It was then that he thought of an old legend of Chesapeake's shores. It was said that if you point a diamond back toward a certain place and start the animal on its journey it will at some time arrive at the objective point. Quickly taking his pen-knife Basil scratched a sketch of his death trap on the back of the hard shell of a well built diamond back, giving the exact location of the spot where he was lying. Then pointing the terrapin towards the happy home of Phyllis Marmaduke he started it on its journey.

Days, months, and even years passed, but Basil was still in his terrible prison, watching his weary life by means of the terrapin and praying for death's release.

The sun was shining.

Around the humble cottage of the fisherman's daughter her happy children were at play on the spacious veranda. It was just fifteen years ago that very day that Basil Beresford had illustrated his horrible misfortune by means of a pen-knife on the shell of a diamond back. All this while Phyllis had not been happy. She had buried two husbands and her life was now a burden.

Presently the laughter of the children ceased. They gazed intently at the movements of a cool and collected terrapin as it clumsily clunked up known stone steps. It was Phyllis

who picked up the ball of rescue party and saw the message upon its back. With a shriek she fell to the floor screaming. When she regained her consciousness she hastily summoned five of her strongest children and they flew to the rescue. After a short run she found the prisoner. But at first she did not recognize him. He had wasted to almost nothing, and his long whiskers, now gray, were curiously entwined about the limbs of the tree.

"Heaven be praised!" she cried, as she and her children began to cut away the mossy growth. "Are you still full of the old love, Basil?"

"No, dear, I'm full of terrapin."

Chapter IV.

In honor of the czar's daughter.

To commemorate the marriage of his daughter the czar issued a ukase for the establishment of the Xenia institute. In this the daughters of impoverished nobles are to receive a general education and "such practical knowledge as renders women useful to her family and enables her to make an honest living in these times of demand for female labor." The palace of the grand duke Nicholas, the czar's uncle, has been taken for the use of the institute; 40,000 rubles is given at once for the equipment, and a large sum is to be appropriated yearly for the support of the pupils.

Didn't know him.

Observant Citizen—That seems to be a very thoughtful man in the fourth seat front. Judge?

Conductor—No. Capitalist.

"I should have taken him for a judge or deep student by his straightforward, impressive look."

"Oh, he's only playing make believe that he's paid his fare, but I'll get him."

Very important.

Laura—Auntie, should I be justified in writing to a young man who had never written to me?

Auntie—Only on very important business, my dear.

Laura—Well, this is important business. I want to marry him.

As good as his word.

Mr. Haywood, in city hotel—Wal, I guess you'll have to blow out the gas, Mandy.

Mrs. Haywood—Why, Josiah? The porter made me promise not to do it.

Life.

Not stayers.

Hashaway—Does Mrs. Oliphant keep a good many boarders now?

Dashaway—Yes, she does; generally for about two days or a week.—Chicago Record.

Outing dangers.

Mrs. Baxter (on an outing)—Oh, Isaac! Isaac! Come quick! Lettle Yaacob has fallen into the river.

Mr. Baxter—Oh, men goodness gracious! Mit dot tre-feller suit out—Good News.

Chapter II.

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EXECUTING AN INJURED FLY.

How a Quartet of Insects Put a Half-Burned Brother to Death.

Flies are not usually accredited with great intelligence, but an illustration observed a short time ago goes far to disprove any idea that they are entirely bereft of thought. It was near midnight and a writer for the Philadelphia Call laid aside his pen for the day, but was constrained to remain at his desk by the strange action of a quartet of flies. One unfortunate buzzer had flown too near the gaslight and had been so badly singed that he could not fly. Quite helpless, he lay on his back struggling to overturn himself. He almost succeeded, but so painful were his efforts that mercy suggested the speedy killing of the insect. But the manifest agitation of the four unusually large flies prevented a hasty execution. In great excitement the quartet circled around the unfortunate, remaining within a radius of twelve inches. One pair seemed to touch heads, and in an instant one of the two went savagely for the wounded brother. After contending with him for a brief time the first helper left, when, without lapse of many seconds, the second of the pair went through the same performance. Here was a puzzle that required close study to solve. Were the flies striving to aid the sufferer, or did they want to kill him, either because of his uselessness or to relieve him from pain?

Seventeen times were combats—for such they soon appeared to be—had. The fly, lying on his back, fought and apparently sought to keep off the big insects. As near as the eye could determine, they seemed to strive to reach the neck of the sufferer. There was a short sharp fight each time. A few grains of sugar were placed on the desk, but the fighters were too greatly absorbed to notice them. More powerful swarms, and three attacks followed. Then the four were frightened by an attempt to catch them. One fly, not of the quartet, was captured and placed under a glass with the wingless member. Five minutes the stranger flew around wildly, not going near the burned fellow. The glass was removed and in the course of ten minutes four flies were again on the scene, trying to kill the small insect. It was then nearly 1 o'clock a. m., and the observer, failing to inveigle any into a trap, retired. Early in the morning the fly that had caused all the trouble was found dead, with the grains of sugar lying around him undisturbed.

NOT A DOLLAR MORE.

Honor Divided in Price as the Game Proceeded.

When Conkling and Platt were before the New York legislature at Albany seeking vindication and reelection, consequent upon their resignation from the United States senate, a certain state senator was employed to buy up one of his colleagues for five thousand dollars. He concluded that three thousand dollars was quite enough to pay for one man's vote, and, coolly pocketing two thousand dollars, turned the rest over to the subsidized senator. The latter bore a private grudge against his corrupter, and found here his opportunity to get even. He accepted the money with every appearance of gladness, and was profuse in his thanks, says the Argonaut. The next day a sensation was caused when he rose in the senate chamber and, in a most dramatic manner, told the story of his bribery. He wound up by asserting that his integrity could not thus be assailed and that his vote was beyond the reach of filthy lucre. Then came the climax of his indignation, when he produced a big roll of greenbacks, containing, as he said, two thousand dollars, the price of his honor, which he hereby returned with scorn and contempt to his would-be purchasers. True enough, there were two thousand dollars in the roll, and "a dollar more."

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ON HIS TRAIL.

The Old Farmer Wanted a Settlement With the Heartbreaker.

"Is this the place where people come to relate shameful cases?" he asked as he walked into the Central station at 10 o'clock the other night.

The sergeant raised his head and sized the caller up as a man on the downward side of life from a back township, says the Detroit Free Press, and quietly answered:

"Yes, we listen to shameful as well as other kinds of cases. What have you got to tell?"

"My hull family has been shamefully treated by a feller named Bill Hoyt, and I want him arrested."

"Well, what did Bill Hoyt do?"

"He cum along to my place last May a-sellin' wire clotheslines and was taken sick. My wife she tended him as if he had been her own brother, and I set up with him and doted on him as I would my own fath."

"I see."

"Bill was sick and layin' around for three months, and all the money he ever offered me was \$10. He had chicken soup and custards and mashed 'taters and the best in the house, and I told him he needn't worry about what he owed. Tother night when I was milkin' he came out in the barnyard and asked for the hand of my darter Mary. He'd fell in love, he said, and he wanted to marry her right off."

"I am listening," said the sergeant, as the old man paused.

"Wall, he talked so smooth and nice and made sich promises, that I told him to go ahead. He said he was a leetle short o' cash; and I lent him \$30 to go ahead with. Next day he started for Detroit to git his clothes, and we hain't seen him nor hair of him since. We've heard of him, though."

"What did you hear?"

"I've got three gals—Mary, Sarah and Jane. The blamed scoundrel was engaged to marry all three of 'em."

"No!"

"True as you live! There are five other gals in the neighborhood and he had three of 'em on the hook as well, makin' six gals he was goin' to marry."

"He was a hustler," said the sergeant.

"Yes, he was. Yesterday my wife owned up that he tried to coax her into elopin' with him, and the wife of one of my neighbors says he writ her three love letters."

"Well, I declare!"

"And we suspect he was also engaged to the school teacher, in love with two hired girls and had his plans all laid to catch a wilder. Isn't that a shameful case?"

"I should say it was!"

"There's a sighin' and weepin' and 'lawin' and lamentin' for six miles up and down the road, but Bill Hoyt he cometh not."

"And you want him caught?"

"Yes, I want you to catch him. I think he's right here in town and engagin' himself to a different woman every day. If you catch him I want to be locked in a room with him for about fifteen minutes."

"For what reason?"

"For the reason that I want to take off my coat, spit on my hands and make him a speech. I want to say to him: 'Bill Hoyt, darn yer piker, you've got to produce them \$30 you borrowed o' me or I'll hammer ye within an inch o' yer life.'"

"But about his love-making?" asked the sergeant.

"Wall, I dunno. Sometimes I kinder think I orter lick him for bustin' the hearts o' my three gals, and agin I feel kinder sorry for a poor cross-eyed feller who has never known a mother's care. It will sort o' depend, I guess."

"Depend on what?"

"If he hands me over them \$30 and about \$2 for my trouble, and sorter cries and says he's sorry and wishes he hadn't done it, I'll probably let him off, but, sir—bad, sir—"

"But what?" asked the sergeant, as the old man pounded on the desk with his fist.

"But, sir, I shall give him to emphatically understand that the next time he asks one o' my gals to marry him—one o' my gals, sir—the very next time, sir, he's either got to walk up to the rack or—"

"Or what?"

"Or I'll hunt him down and take him by the throat and make it cost him at least \$24 to settle the case. Yes, sir, I'll do it, sir, and good-night and catch him if you kin, sir!"

On the Front Platform.

Passenger—Do you have any funny experiences on the front platform?

Motorman—Well, I guess so. Only the other day I hit a man who was trying to cross the track and throw him clear through a plate glass window. There was a policeman riding on the platform, and I thought he'd die a laughing.—Boston Transcript.

Early Lessons.

Watts—A fellow never quite forgets the lessons he learns at his mother's knee.

Potts—That's so. I often laugh when I think of how short a time it took me to learn to stuff my hat in my knickerbockers when I had been swimming without permission.

Acrobatic Japs.

Every Japanese barrack has a gymnasium, and the Japanese soldiers rank among the best gymnasts in the world. In half a minute they can scale a fourteen-foot wall by simply bounding on each other's shoulders, one man supporting two or three others.

Albino Rats.

An Albany, Ga., dame, who tried to rid her premises of rats by soaking hominy in arsenic water says that the entire tribe of rodents now inhabiting her place are of snowy whiteness, but still alive and frisky.



Hypochondriacal.

despondent, nervous, "tired out" men—those who suffer from backache, weariness, loss of energy, impaired memory, dizziness, melancholy and discouragement, the result of exhausting diseases, or drains upon the system, excesses, or abuses, bad habits, or early vices, are treated through correspondence at their homes, with uniform success, by the Specialists of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. A book of 136 large pages, devoted to the consideration of the maladies above hinted at, may be had, mailed securely sealed from observation, in a plain envelope, by sending 10 cents in one-cent stamps (for postage on Book), to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at the above mentioned Hotel. For more than a quarter of a century, physicians connected with this widely celebrated Institution, have made the treatment of the delicate diseases above referred to, their sole study and practice. Thousands have consulted them. This vast experience has naturally resulted in improved methods and means of cure.

ODDITIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

Some naturalists say that the whale was once a land animal that took to the water for safety.

Tasks of the mammoth have been found of a length of nine feet, measured along the curve.

The mole is an excellent civil engineer. He always secures his own safety by having several entrances to his dwelling.

Although on land a clumsy animal, the seal is wonderfully quick in the water, and in a fair race can generally catch almost any fish.

A decapitated snail, kept in a moist place, will in a few weeks grow a new head, quite as serviceable and good-looking as that which was taken away.

A bat finds its way about without the assistance of its eyes. A blinded bat will avoid wires and obstructions as dexterously as though it could see perfectly.

The elephant is commonly supposed to be a slow, clumsy animal, but when excited or frightened can attain a speed of twenty miles an hour and keep it up for half a day.

No paternal care ever falls to the lot of a single member of the insect tribe. In general, the eggs of an insect are destined to be hatched long after the parents are dead.

The common housefly is often literally devoured by parasites, and it has been proved that these parasites are also infested with minute creatures that threaten their destruction.

The horn of the rhinoceros does not grow from the bone, but is a mere excrescence of the skin, like the hair and nails. It can be separated from the skin by the use of a sharp knife.

Were it not for the multitude of st